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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

THE BABIES AFLOAT.

The World's excursion for poor children takes place to-day, and the little ones are having fine weather and will no doubt enjoy a happy time.

The feature of the excursion is the presence of the little invalid THE EVENING WORLD'S visiting physician has found and aided in the tenement-house districts during the hot summer months. Many of these suffering children owe their lives to the care and skill of this doctor, and to-day's pleasant and healthful excursion is an excellent supplement to his efforts on their behalf.

The good done by THE EVENING WORLD'S physician has necessarily been circumscribed, but it has been a blessing to the little ones nevertheless. Moreover it has this summer planted the seed of what may in the future prove a most valuable addition to the work of the Health Board's visiting corps in saving human life and bringing relief to little sufferers in the close and stifling tenement-houses of the city.

BAD DAY FOR BOATLIES.

The boat-lark was not in good luck yesterday. The driver of one of these public nuisances was committed to prison without bail to await the result of the injuries of a fifteen-year-old lad who was knocked down and crushed by a car of the Dry Dock line.

A lady who was one of a party of tourists making the ascent of Pike's Peak last week, was struck by lightning while standing at the door of the signal-station on the very top of the mountain. This is the first instance known in the State of an electrical disturbance occurring above the clouds.

At the same time, Judge PATTERSON in the Supreme Court yesterday dissolved the injunction obtained by the Twenty-third Street Jigger Company restraining Coroner MESSERMAN from filing his records in the case of the inquest on the killing of Mrs. LEVY. The Court entirely sustains and justifies Coroner MESSERMAN, who will now complete the record, and probably issue his warrant for manslaughter against the directors of the corporation. The verdict found the system to blame for the death of Mrs. LEVY rather than the driver, who is forced to perform a conductor's duty.

These renewed butcheries on the boat-lark lines show the necessity of the Aldermanic resolution requiring all cars to be run with conductors. Mayor HAWITT should approve the resolution at once, and it should be extended, if necessary, so as to include all boat-lark lines run on crowded streets.

THE AQUEDUCT BOARDS.

The Aqueduct investigation has thus far disappointed those who started it, for an object. It has not put Gov. HILL "in a hole." It has fully justified the Governor in the effective means he took to get rid of the old Commission and create the present Commission. It has shown that Mayor HAWITT in his letter begging the Governor to seek to bring about this desirable reform, was actuated by regard for the public interests and having just confidence in the integrity of Gov. HILL.

But it has also proved that the cleaning out of the old methods has not yet been as complete and satisfactory as it ought to be. Yesterday, the testimony of other contractors confirmed the story that they had invested money in a bubble company started by Chief Engineer CURRAN, in order to make the Chief Engineer "more friendly" to them.

The exposure of the scandals of the removed Commissioners and of the "bargain" by which Senator FASSETT and others were induced to support the Aqueduct bill of 1886 are now things of the past. But Mr. CURRAN is still engineer. Ought he to remain in that position a day longer than necessary?

The discovery of the real forger of the checks of HORACE MOODY, the Cotton Exchange broker, has released from suspicion and from confinement Mr. WILLIAM GALTZ, the nephew of Mr. MOODY, who had been arrested for the crime and positively identified by Mr. HILL, cashier at Delmonico's, Beaver street house, as the person who passed the checks. As the checks were really presented by messenger boys, Mr. HILL's testimony is unaccountable. Mr. GALTZ is entirely innocent and honorably exculpated. Yet Mr. HILL's singular mistake put him in a dangerous position.

Judge MULLEN's testimony yesterday proved very conclusively that he, as Secretary of the Democratic State Committee in 1886, and JOHN O'BRIEN, as Chairman, raised money for campaign purposes to offset \$40,000 given by the Republican candidate to the Republican State Committee. Not being able to get the money they wanted, they asked Gov. HILL to make the notes on which they raised the funds and which they guaranteed to take care of.

The general impression is that WILLIAM R. GRADY had better go to Peru.

Mayor HAWITT tells the new Know-Nothing party that the issue now is "Revenue Reform" and that native Americanism must wait. But he predicts that in 1892 the issue will be on the old Know-Nothing cry, "America for Americans." The same prediction has been made by Gen. BUTLER's old organ. But as in 1884 that journal predicted that "the

People's Party" would be powerful in 1888, it may be equally mistaken in its forecast that the native American party will be in the foreground in 1892.

The ocean race between the European steamers which left New York last Saturday has resulted in the victory of the Umbria, which was signalled off Brow Head at 4.18 this morning. The City of New York, although free from the effects of Mr. BLAINE's magnetism, was not then in sight. The weather was very clear. Hurrah for the Umbria! Yet she is not one of the really "fast" boats of the Cunard line.

GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY.

Lettuce, 5 cents.
Pumpkin, 40 cents.
Flour, 8 cents.
Peach, 12 cents a pound.
Celery, 15 cents a bunch.
Spinach, 10 cents a pound.
Cauliflower, 15 to 25 cents.
Watermelons, 25 to 40 cents.
Butter, 15 cents a pound.
Grapes, 15 to 25 cents a pound.
Cucumbers, 1 and 2 cents each.
Lima beans, 25 cents a half peck.
Lemons, twenty-five for 25 cents.
Radishes, three bunches for 5 cents.
Pears, \$1.50 to \$2.25 a basket; 25 to 30 cents a dozen.
Best butter, 20 cents a pound; good butter, 20 to 25 cents.
Peaches, 75 cents to \$1.50 a basket; 25 to 40 cents a dozen.

WORLDLINGS.

Thirty-one of the ninety-six counties in Tennessee contain no railroads.

As a test of his memory a gentleman of Athens, Ga., read through an article a column and a half in length in a newspaper he had not previously seen, and then repeated it without an error.

The largest strictly cash purchase of real estate in the history of Chicago was made last week, when William A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., paid over \$300,000 for the Moore block on Dearborn street.

Mrs. Sarah Heald, of Chester, N. H., a widow eighty-one years of age, moved and put into her this summer one-half a ton of hay. For the last five years she has cut her own wood and her barn is the best kept in the neighborhood.

A lady who was one of a party of tourists making the ascent of Pike's Peak last week, was struck by lightning while standing at the door of the signal-station on the very top of the mountain. This is the first instance known in the State of an electrical disturbance occurring above the clouds.

OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

"Billy" Boyhan, the ex-Clerk of the City Court, is practicing law on Broadway.

"Jerry" Judge, the genial, delights in visiting Calvary Cemetery.

J. J. Shea, of Yorkville, has just returned from a well-deserved vacation.

Preman "Bill" Harrigan is a resident of Yorkville and is as popular there as he is among his associates at the engine-house.

The stalwart and genial "Jimmy" Cogan, of the Eighteenth Assembly District, likes to go fishing. Jimmy has made some good catches. Recently, on a fishing excursion, he captured some seventy-five fine sea bass.

"Eddy" Doyle, the lynx-eyed detective of Capt. Connor's command, has made some good arrests lately. He and his side partner, Doran, look like howling swells as they parade up and down Third avenue on a fine afternoon.

The Objected To.

"Papa, I wish you would tie me with a mufskinie cup; or mufskinie tie me."

House Wisdom.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What's the good of a horse till it's broke?"

The Day and the Deed.

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it is Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl; "but it is Sunday-school that I'm playing."

A Long Swimming Race.

The champion swimmer, Prof. Donaldson, of New York, and Capt. Patton, of Canada, will swim from Coney Island Point to Nappier's Hotel, Fort Hamilton, to-morrow afternoon, for a purse of \$500. The swimmers can be seen from start to finish from Nappier's Park, at the foot of the hill.

The Woolen Shirt Movement.

The EVENING WORLD, New York, comes out in favor of the woolen shirt. All progressive newspapers favor it.

Some Prominent Hotel Visitors.

S. R. Montgomery and E. W. How, of Memphis, and Jeff Chandler, of St. Louis, are at the St. James.

To be seen at the Brunswick Hotel.

On a stereoscopic house register are the names of F. Spelling, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. S. Butler, of Chicago; F. Shuy and P. McFarren, of Providence.

Conspicuous at the Hoffman House.

Read of Houston, Tex.; G. H. Hankins, of Houston; S. C. Pardee and J. W. Wallace, of California; and Howard Canill, of Boston.

As a La France.

As a La France, of Elmhurst, N. Y.; Howell Barile, of Washington; R. H. Lewis, of Chicago; H. B. Cochrane, of Baltimore; and J. L. Burkhalter, of California, Ill., are at the Astor House.

C. W. Whiting, of New Orleans.

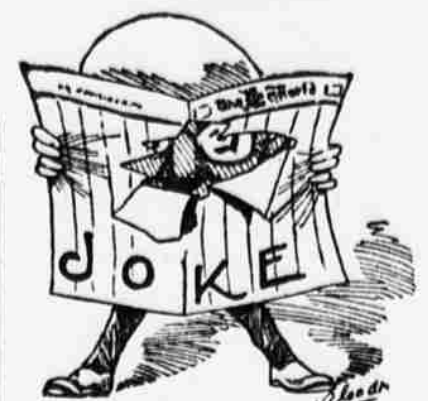
C. W. Whiting, of New Orleans; D. G. Ambler, of Florida; Capt. W. N. Darrow and Lieut. H. Taylor, of New York; D. B. Bacon, of Savannah; and Dr. W. H. Farwell, of Saratoga, are at the Grand Hotel.

Poor people need not be deprived of night's rest.

Poor people need not be deprived of night's rest if they use HILL'S TRUTHFUL REMEDY. Price 50c.

THAT INTERESTED JOKER.

HE IS ENDEAVORING TO FIND THE CHEST-NUT HE SUBMITTED.



She Was Only Telephoning.
Madam—Mary, why were you kissing the young man in the kitchen last night?
Mary—Oh, ma'am! I was not kissing. It was my cousin. He is deaf and I was only telephoning to him.

He Was Not a Stage Driver.
All the old residents of Goshen and Florida remember Ketch Gibbons. For many years Ketch carried the mail and passengers between Florida and Goshen. He was called as a witness in a case that was tried in Florida. George Millsap and Judge Green, of Goshen, were the attorneys. Judge Green, Gibbons will take the stand. Mr. Gibbons, I believe you drive the stage between Florida and Goshen. Gibbons—No, sir! I do not. Judge Green—I think you did not understand my question. Gibbons—Yes, I do. I never drove a stage in my life. Judge Green—Have you been drinking to-day? Gibbons—Only the three times I drank with you, Judge. Judge Green—That is all, Mr. Gibbons. What have you got to do with the stage, anyhow? Gibbons—I drive the horses, aquire. The court was adjourned, and all went over the way for liquid refreshments. 71 West Forty-eighth street.

Bill Hick Asks a Question.
To the Editor of the Evening World: The other day, and as the car turned the corner rather quick it threw me up against one, and I swore. A man sitting opposite with his wife looked rather impatient at me and said: "How dare you swear before my wife?" Now, how did I know that his wife wanted to swear first? BILL HICK, Hoboken.

The Menu for the Day.
An Historic Day Illustrated.

A Dangerous Disease.
There were preserved green tomatoes for supper, of which Katie seemed very fond. She had helped herself twice very liberally and was about to take the last one in the dish for a third share, when her father called up from the other end of the table. "Say, Katie, you'd better not eat any more of those green things. I hear there's a good deal of hog cholera around."

A Good Present for His Pa.
"Johnny," said Mrs. Louis, who lives next to my friend's house, to her son, "next week is your father's birthday. What shall we present him?" "Buy him a pair of short pants," he will not wear them, and he will give them to me." ABRIEZZA, 68 Prospect street, Jersey City Heights.

The High Price Accounted For.
The other day while coming up the Bowery I happened to step into Louis's fancy goods store to buy a shirt. While in there a lady looked at some stockings for herself, and when she asked the price of them the saleslady said \$1. The lady remarked: "What makes the price so high?" "My dear madam, you must remember that you are a tall lady."

He Obeyed the Letter.
The gentleman would have bought the house, his only objection being the advertisement on the side wall. So a contract was made with the owner that he should paint the wall as he saw fit. The advertisement, however, came to look at the wall he found, to his astonishment, everything upon the wall word for word excepting the signature of the company. "What's the good of a horse till it's broke?" was painted off.

Still Joking About Baseball.
While no one will question Kead's ability as a "pitcher," there is no doubt that a "growler" Anson carries off first honors. Do you "catch" on? J. H. KETCHAM, 1662 Madison avenue.

Queer Happenings in Mr. Began's Store.
Reading of jokes in THE EVENING WORLD reminds me of the following: Last Saturday evening a man called in at this 228 Bowery. "I said 'Yes, sir.' He came into the store with a boy who carried a hat-box with the name McCann on it. He says to me: 'I bought this here to-day and I want to exchange it for a new one. This one is not a hat store, but a shoe store.' He started off. He was quite sober. The other day an Italian asked me the price of a pair of shoes. I told him \$2. He then asked me if they were 'mutton.' And I said: 'No, John, this is not a butcher shop.' He laughed and went away. He meant, I suppose, was the leather sheepskin. Another man, not long since, came in and asked me for a black necktie. I sent him in next door to the florist's. Still another fellow came in 'loaded' one evening late and asked me for a sandwich and I gave him a man and a woman. The fellow's crank, who was trying on shoes one day, said he liked one shoe very well, only that it felt very sarcastic in the heel. They happened in my presence, and any of them are worth publishing I may send you some more. JAMES BIGAN, 228 Bowery.

The Judge's Big Day.
The New York EVENING WORLD offers a cash prize of \$25 for the best original joke of the season, the contest open to all. Bill Nye has agreed to act as judge of all jokes offered, but he will probably agree that it is not so very funny after all when he has read a million pages of copy.

Notes of the Campaign.
The Henry D. Purdy Democratic Campaign Organization, of the Fourth Assembly District, met last evening at Harriss Assembly Rooms, 117 East Broadway, and discussed the various resolutions regarding the nominations of Cleveland and Thurman, and also endorsing the wise, non-partisan and moderate administration of David McKim, Governor. The meeting called upon the delegates to the State Convention to tender Gov. Hill a unanimous recommendation. Addresses were made by Matthew P. Breen and Prof. Peter E. Tarpey.

AMATEUR NEWS.

Emeralds record: Won, 34; lost, 1 tied, 1. At West Farms to-morrow, Colored New York vs. Rochester.

All Saints' Club would like to hear from all nine. Address: Thomas Lucas, 11 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, city.

The Standards would like to have a game Aug. 26. Address: J. Henson, 585 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, city.

At Fortham:
Young Quakers..... 1 9 8 1 0 0 1 0 0 7
Madisons..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

The Fortner Juniors would like to hear from any club from sixteen to eighteen. Address: Peter Griffin, 17 State street, Brooklyn.

The Fox Estates would like to hear from a good all-around player between sixteen and nineteen. Address: M. O'Connor, 100 Prospect avenue, Kew-Forest.

The Troys, of Yorkville, would like to hear from a first-class pitcher between sixteen and seventeen. Address: John Kelly, Manager, 110 East Twenty-fourth street.

The Comet Juniors would like to hear from two good fielders and a good battery, not over fifteen. Address: James Kelly, 225 West 101st street.

The Hudsons defeated the Superiors—score 3 to 2. The Hudson would like to hear from all clubs under sixteen. Address: J. Manning, 31 Sixteenth street, Jersey City.

The Young Wellingtons would like to hear from all clubs under sixteen. Address: J. Manning, 31 Sixteenth street, Jersey City.

The Stars, of East New York, have reorganized. Address: J. Manning, 31 Sixteenth street, Jersey City.

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FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Demonstrating the Good Luck of William in Not Being Bored Too Soon.

It required no diviner's eyes to see that they were father and son, and that they had just come in to see the sights.

Hayseed fairly stuck out of their lank, yellow hair, and they wondered at everything in the old Bovey with mouths agape.

They had just been told that the charred timber on the sidewalk was from the scene of the holocaust of two weeks ago, and were peering in at the entrance to the long alleyway leading to the rear tenement with awestricken expressions.

Presently the elder broke the silence in a solemn tone:

"I was a thinkin', William, how close you came to bein' burned up alive when you was nothin' but a little mite of a baby."

The boy's attention was riveted on the father instantly, and the latter continued, after an impressive pause:

"You see ma and I was away visitin' your Uncle Billy, and when we was drivin' into the village home, some of the neighbors met us and told us 't the house 'd burned down."

"The old man gave a screech and tumbled over in a faint. When he came to, the first thing he said was: 'Where's the children?'"

"You see Ben and Jimmie, they slept together and Bridget the girl, slept over the kitchen, by her mother. Mike had all he could do to save them, for they were asleep when the fire broke out; and Sam and William, as he thought of 'nother to save but the canaries, and he saved 'em—all smothered by their caged."

"I tell ye boy it was a close call for you. The house burned down to the ground—every timber."

The old man mopped beads of perspiration from his brow as that awful day came back to him. The boy's mouth was wide parted. He stood aghast, but evidently puzzled.

"Well, pa," he ejaculated finally, "I never heard of that before. When was that?"

"In 1870, my boy. In 1870."

The puzzled look was not lifted and the boy finally ventured to ask: "But, pa! I thought I wasn't born till 1871?"

"So you wasn't, my boy! So you wasn't. That's just it, don't you see? If you'd a been born a moment later, when that fire was on, don't you see, you'd a been forger and then where'd ye be?"

All the other servants gave testimony which had a tendency to show the guilt of the prisoner, for whom things looked pretty blue until Mr. Purdy began summing up. He reviewed the testimony of the negroes, and in conclusion said:

"I think it is very strange that all of the other servants wish to convict the defendant, and I wish to have you impress upon your minds that the negroes are your colored brethren all have weaknesses in the direction of poultry, policy and petit larceny, so give my client the benefit of those facts."

The defendant was promptly acquitted and it was afterwards discovered that the female cook, a distressingly obese person, who testified on the trial, was the guilty one. She was, however, allowed to enjoy her liberty on promising to be honest in the future.

A Small Newboy with Signs of Coming Financial Greatness.

The bright little boy who says EVENING WORLDS on the Coney Island train between the West End and Bay Ridge will some day become a great money handler.

At present he is a financier in a small way. As soon as the last edition of THE EVENING WORLD is published he gets a bundle of the papers and runs straight for the Bay Ridge boat.

In way not very quiet he informs people that he has the "last edition" EVENING WORLD.

When a customer takes one and offers him a cent he rises up with as much dignity as a lion and with a low and coolly demands five cents for the paper.

He usually gets it. A few nights ago the youth sold five papers to a party of gentlemen who were making off with the quack, which had been tendered him when he was called back.

The customer demanded change, and the youngster coolly said: "Five cents each and a nickel for the quack. If you can't pay I'll give you my papers back."

He was allowed to retain the quarter.

No Tooth-Brush Is Warranted to Become an Heirloom for Generations.

A young man with white teeth entered a downtown drug store and said he wanted to get a tooth-brush.

The clerk moved towards the show-case in which the teeth-cleaners were stored, when the young man further remarked:

"I don't want one of the kind that the bristles all come out the second time you use it."

"Then you want to get a thirty-five-cent brush," said the clerk.

"They don't stick the bristles in a twenty-five-cent brush to stay then," remarked the young man.

"No. There is what you want," and the clerk put a brush with brown bristles in a paper package, on which was printed: "If this brush does not give satisfaction the money will be refunded. The bristles will not come out."

"Won't the bristles ever come out?" inquired the young man.

"Well, I suppose if the brush is used by several generations, handed down as a family heirloom, or a bristle might drop out," said the clerk.

"We don't redeem any after they have been used for a century. But that brush will last you as long as anybody wants a tooth-brush to last, and the bristles will stay in."

The young man bought the brush.

Vacation

A good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is a valuable thing to have with you when you are seeking rest and recuperation. It will aid nature in building up and strengthening the system, will purify the blood, cure skin diseases, rheumatism,